

THE
SONG OF
MARY THE MO-
THER OF CHRIST:

Containing the story of
his life and passion.

The teares of Christ in the garden:

With

The description of heavenly
Ierusalem.

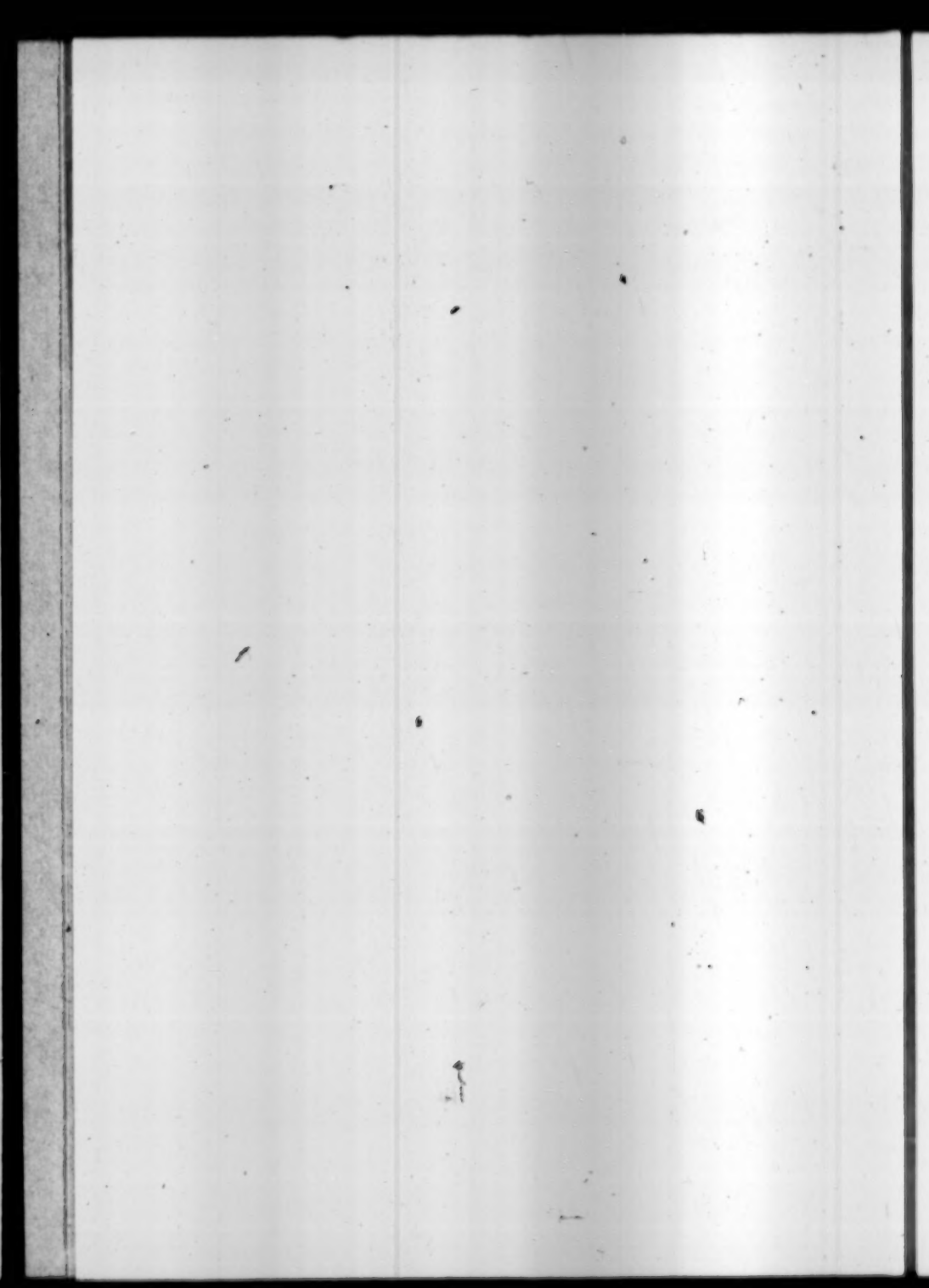


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*The Song of Mary the Mother
of Christ: Containing the story of
his life and passion.*

FAine would I write, my minde ashamed is,
My verse doth feare to do the matter wrong:
No earthly musique good enough for this,
Not *Davids* harpe, nor *Hieroms* mourning song.
Nor *Esaies* lippes are worthy once to mooue,
Though *Zeraphims* fire hath kindled them with loue

An Angels Trompe is not so lowde and shrill,
As fitting were, much lesse this verse of mine:
Pull backe thy hand, thy too presumptuous quill,
And pray to finde a writer more diuine.
Eternall God which shall be, wert, and art,
Imprint my Sauours passion in my heart.

Write it within the table of my minde,
Engraue thy loue in lasting letters there:
And giue me grace to cast all sinne behinde,
And quite contemne those fading pleasures heere.
And cuer seeke the honour of thy name,
And publish eke the glory of the same.

To publish it vnworthy art thou found,
 Yet I accept the proffer of thy will:
 With all thy force, my glory forth then sound,
 Such as they be, imploy thy tongue and quill.
 For though thou see'st thy talents are but small,
 Yet I am great, and to be prais'd in all,

So *David* with his harpe, my lawdes did sing,
 And *Hieroms* song lamented hath my paine:
Esay foretolde that I should be your King,
 The *Zeraphius* still extoll their Soueraigne,
 Angels and men, young, olde, both great and small,
 Doe honour me, which did create them all.

Amongst the rest, though least, yet most in debt,
 I ioy to be admitted to this song:
 I would it were in better Musique set,
 Then this of mine, which doth the matter wrong.
 You Saints which haue entuned it before,
 Lend me your notes, if now you sing no more.

No, thinke not so, our song for euer is,
 And yet the notes seeme euery day a new:
 Such is the taste of neuer ending blisse,
 To *Iesus* name such hermony is due.
 We neuer cease, but euer wish to sing,
 Our ioyes increase, in prayeing of our King.

O that my song, were musique set to yours,
 That I with you might come to beare a part:
 Then would I spend my idle wasted houres,
 In heavenly mirth and musique of the heart.
 But I distune all notes, both flat and sharpe,
 I haue no skill in meeter, song or harpe.

Let

Let it suffice, thou hast a ready will,
 Christ doth accept the measure of the minde
 And not about the compasse of thy skill,
 Exacteth ought, then take thy part assign'd,
 And sing with vs, he doth thy note approue,
 All is entun'd, that tempered is with loue.

O blessed Quire! yet ere I doe begin,
 Teach me the Ditty of this Sacred song:
 That I may know, where as my part comes in,
 And end in time, for feare I be too long.
 For though I hope to sing, in time by loue,
 Yet feare I too, my passions may me mooue.

Feare not at all, but marke how we doe sing,
 And follow vs, thy time shall so be right:
 Our Ditty is the tryumph of our King,
 His cruell foes, and bloody martiall fight,
 His conquest gain'd, of all that did rebell,
 Of subull Sachan, trembling death, and hell.

The loue he shewed to the vngratefull Iewes,
 The zeale he had to doe his Fathers will;
 The griefe he tooke, for such as should refuse
 The mercy bought, while he his bloud did spill.
 The venome lurking in the traytors kisse.
 His mildenes pardoning all that was amisse.

Th'Apostles flight, the Virgins mourning woe,
 The wondrous mallice of the wicked route:
 Against the Lambe, like Wolues which raged so,
 And like to dogges, did compasse him about.
 His patient minde, and paines he tooke for thee,
 And euery soule which shall this story see.

Then sing ô Saints, ô holy heavenly quire!
 And I shall strive to follow on your song:
 This sacred Ditty is my chiefe desire,
 My soule to heare this Musique now doth long.
 And longing thus, all whilst, there was no din,
 They silent stood, to see who should begin.

For none did thinke him worthy to be one,
 And euery one to other there gaue place:
 But bowing knees to *Iesus* euery one,
 They him besought for to decide the case.
 Who said to me, most fit for this appears
 My mothers plaint, and sacred Virgins teares.

Straight all agreed, the Virgin ready prest
 To doe the will of her eternall Sonne:
 With heavenly cheare and most melodious brest,
 Her sacred song and Ditty thus begunne.
 Bowing her selfe vnto the glorious Throne,
 Where Three did sit adored all in one.

All glory, honour, blessing, praise, renowne,
 Be giuen to him that sitteth on the Throne:
 On whom all Kings and Princes holde their crowne
 One God in three, and persons three in one.
 The first and last, and ever still the same,
 Without all change, *Iehouah* is his name.

Thou Soueraigne Lord, the fountaine of our blisse,
 Our end, our ioy, our supreme Maesty:
 In whom our life, our breath, and being is,
 Most simple one and perfect Trinitie.
 The Father, Sonne, and sacred holy Ghost,
 We praise them all, thy glorious heavenly hoast,

And

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And still as they the Virgin singing heare,
In selfe same time, so echoed all the quire.

Thy wondrous works our knowledge doth surmount,
Thy mercies great our Iudgement doth exceede:
Who can thy goodnes towards vs recount,
And shew by words, what thou hast done by deed?
For onely this pertaineth to thy name,
Mettuaile to worke, and thou declare the same.

The pondrous earth, the salt and foming sea,
The futtle ayre, the light and burning fire;
The changing Moone, the starry moouing skye,
The Orient Sunne, the heauen and earthes desire,
Each liuing thing within them, great or small,
Declare thy wisdome, power and goodnes all.

They all doe cry, performe our makers will.
Beholde in vs the greatnes of his hand:
She hath prescrib'd, we keep his order still,
In his commaund our cause and order stand.
Then learne (O man) for whom he made vs all,
Vpon his wondrous name with vs to call.

Farre more in thee, the end of all the rest
His glory shines and brightnes of his face:
He hath insul'd a soule into thy brest,
Adorn'd with reason in an Angels place.
And stamp't his holy Image in thy minde,
And for this end his Maieesty assign'd.

But thou forgetfull of thy greatest good,
Didst sowly fall to disobedient sinne:
Subiect to hell, if that the sacred bloud

Of

Of Christ our Lord and Satiour had not bin.
 O ranfome deare, for such as were accurst!
 O second mercy, greater then the first!

The King, to pay the ranfome of his slaue!
 The Lord of Lords, his vassals faulkes to beare!
 The Sonne of God the sinning soules to saue!
 And with his death, to buy their liues so deare!
 This is a fire, that flinty hearts may mooue,
 This is excesse, and extasies of loue.

But yet in me, farre more then all the rest,
 Thy loue o Lord and glory doth appeare:
 Extolling her, that was the very least,
 Thy onely Sonne our Sauicour for to beare.
 And lodge within so lowe and strait a roome,
 The Iudge of all, in dreadfull day of doome!

This sacred message *Gabriel* thou didst bring
 From Gods owne mouth vnto my silly Cell,
 How I a Virgin, should conceiue a King
 And Lord, whom all the Prophets did foretell.
 O what a message seemed this to me?
 Vnworthy once a Hand-mayde for to be.

Thou holy Ghost, o God in Maiesty,
 the third of three, didst shaddow me in power:
 And thus by vertue of the Trinitie,
 I did conceiue euen in that instant howre,
 My Lord, my God, my Sauicour and my King,
 Myne onely Sonne, o Saints and Angels sing.

And still as they the Virgin singing heare:
 In selfe same tune, so ecchoed all the Quire.

Thou

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Thou onely Sonne of God, Father of might,
Maker of me and all, the well of grace:
Fountaine of loue, eternall Sonne of light,
Because my Sonne; and talling on her face,
Repeating this full oft (with musique sweet)
She did adore and kisse our Sauours feete.

Thou Lord of ioy, within my wombe didst dwell
Nine monthes, enriched with so great a guesst
No heart can thinke, much lesse my tongue can tell,
How in my Lord, my minde and soule was blest.
And how my spirit with gladnes did abound.
Whilst in my wombe, the well of ioy was found.

The time expyr'd, in *Bethlem* thou wert borne,
Where, in a Crib vpon a locke of hay,
Twixt Oxe & Asse, thou Lord didst thinke no scorne
Swaddled in cloutes, thy mother should thee lay.
O sacred Lord! sweet Sonne, what should I call?
My God, my babe, my blisse, and all in all.

Learn heere, ô learne the steps that he did treade,
And follow men the footings of your Lord:
Who with the first did crush the Serpents head,
Pompe, riches, pride, and fleshlines abhor'd.
And from the Crib that standes without the doore,
He bids you be obedient, chaste and poore.

O lowly place, for him that was so hye!
O happy stable, pallace of the King!
You Angels there, did make vs melody,
The silly shepheards sayd, they heard you sing.
The shining starre, from th' East did goe before,
And shew the Kings, the place for to adore.

B

They

They layde their scepters at my Sauioür feete,
 And kissing them, his God-head did adore:
 Offring their gifts, Mirhe, Golde, & Incence sweet,
 A present, rich to them that seem'd so poore,
 But they inspyred, did these offrings bring,
 For Christ their priest, their Sauioür and their King.

O princes, heere come learne your christian parts,
 O christians all, let these your patternes be:
 They were the first, beholde their bounteous hearts,
 Their faith, their loue, vnto my sonne and me.
 And all by shining of a blasing starre,
 Your calling is more cleare and bright by farre.

After, my Lord according to the law,
 Within the Temple I did thee present:
 Where *Simeon* as soone as he vs saw,
 And in his armes thy little body hent:
 To blesse our God within, he did not cease,
 Desiring leaue for to depart in peace.

For now (quoth he) my aged eyes haue seene
 The sauing health most pleasant to my sight;
 Which, of thy Saints hath long expected been,
 The glory of Iewes, and Heathen nations light.
 Who yet by mallice shall be much gaine-sayd,
 O worthy babe! ô happy mother maide!

All this was ioy, and comfort vnto me,
 Who did conferre these sayings in my minde;
 Wherein such truch and light I still did see,
 But *Simeon* added further; I doe finde,
 That though thou Christes elected mother art,
 The sword of sorrow shall transpierce thy heart.

O saying true in me, full many an houre,
 Such is the way, that God doth vse with his;
 With comforts crosse, with sweet to mixe the soure,
 Twixt weale and woe, to weild them vnto blisse.
 The one doth shew, his goodnes and his loue,
 The other doth our gratefull patience prooue.

If comfort cleane did want, we were dismaide,
 If all were ioy, our tryall were the lesse:
 When daunger comes, we run to him for ayde,
 We try his grace, and feele our feeblenes.
 God prooueth his, the which appeareth true,
 In all the sacred song that doth ensue.

For cruell *Herod* set on worldly pelfe,
 The *Bethlem* babes did butcher for thy sake:
 My childe most sweet, enquiring for thy selfe,
 Which caused vs our secret flight to take.
Ioseph in hast awaking vs from rest,
 While thou did sucke (my Sauour) on my brest.

So didst thou then, thy glorious warre begin,
 And learne to suffer in thine infant yeares:
 And teach thy seruants soone to flye from sinne,
 And not abide where daunger once appears.
 For truth thou cam'st, thy country was no losse,
 Euen from the Crib, thus hastning to the crosse.

Seauen yeares in *Egipt* liuing in exile,
Ioseph his Axe, my needle in my hand,
 In poore estate we passed all the while,
 Amongst the simple people of the land.
 For all was heau'n, for comfort we did sing,
 To lull our babe and reuerence our King.

O how my crosse was euer mixt with sweet!
 My paine with ioy, mine earth with heavenly blisset
 Who alwaies might adore my Saniours feete,
 Embrace my God, my louing infant kisse.
 And giue him sucke, who giues the Angels fooode,
 And turne my milke, into my Saniours bloud.

Sometimes he cast his hand about my necke,
 And smyling, lookt his mother in the face:
 Some ioy or skill, I found in euerie becke,
 Each day discovered wisdom, loue and grace,
 I cannot vtter what I did espye,
 When I beheld his little glorious eye.

At seauen yeares end we did returne againe,
 And brought the Arke into his wonted place:
 For he was dead that would my Lord haue slaine,
 Thus worldly things doe turne & change their face.
 But they which *Iesus* keep, and doe his will,
 In all euents be one, and happy still.

Yearely we went with others, to adore
 Within the Temple, as the law doth bid:
 A holy place, but how doth he much more,
 Who being Lord a subiectes duty did.
 O Christians then, how ought you for to liue?
 Obedient to the lawes the Church doth giue.

And Christ my Sonne, now being twelue yeares-old,
 Thou didst bewray thy heavenly wisdom there:
 And midst the Doctors, treasures didst vnfolde,
Ioseph and I, meane while affright with feare,
 For eyther weening, other had my childe,
 Each trusting other, eyther was begulde.

My

My soule remember what thy thoughtes were then,
 What griefes and feares, did lodge within my brest:
 Who now had lost the joy of God and men,
 My sacred Sonne, in whome my soule was blest.
 What teares could serue to wayle so great a losse?
 Loe thus we still approached to the crosse.

Thus three daies spent in wayling, teares and woe,
 Beholde my Sauour in the Temple still:
 Of whom I askt, my Sonne why did you so?
 Must I not doe (quoth he) my Fathers will?
 And so you see, I learned by my griefe,
 Amongst all duties, that to God is chiefe.

Till thirty yeares, my Lord at home did dwell,
 Ioseph and I enioyed his presence still:
 Where I my selfe abashed am to tell,
 How he in all, obeyed to my will.
 How doe you thinke I moued was, to see
 The Prince of Angels subiect vnto me!

Learn heere obedience, learne heere young & olde,
 A Soueraigne God, a patterne drawne from Christ:
 A lesson worthy to be set in golde,
 The which so precious seemed to the highest,
 That all his life he neuer swau'd therefro,
 And euen his death he did accomplish so.

What should I heere his holy life recount,
 Which he with me these thirty yeares did spend?
 This story would vnto a volume mount,
 My song doth to his sacred passion tend.
 And all doe know his piety needs must passe,
 Who, of all Saintes, the Lord and Sauour was.

But I indeed was witnes with mine eye,
 I saw his deeds and wrote them in my booke:
 His modest cheare, his deep humility,
 His heavenly talke, deuoyde of idle iesters.
 His instant prayer and contemplation hye,
 Declaring well his God-head was so nye.

What flames of loue appeared in his face?
 What great compassion in his holy teares?
 His sacred eyes were messengers of grace,
 His countenance bright, our cloudy passions cleares.
 Comfort and ioy were written in his brow,
 Thus blest with him, we had our heauen below.

The morning still in lamentation spent,
 The day diuided into equall space:
 What prayer mist, to humble worke was bent,
 Who made the heauens and earth a wondrous case.
 And hard for haughty mindes to vnderstand,
 Doth worke with *Iosaph*, with his Axe in hand.

Thus must they learne, of soules that will haue care,
 By slowly deeds, and silence many yeares:
 To make a way vnto thy lofty chayre,
 Enflam'd in prayers, and bath'd in humble teares,
 For they who proudly to the pulpit haste,
 Of words and soules, doe make a wofull waste.

Thus must they arme themselves, that meanes to war
 With flesh, the world, the deuill, or suttile foe,
 Our swoord and target, speciall weapons are,
 These thirty yeares our Lord did arme him so.
 Not for because himselfe had any need,
 But leauing vs a rule in euery deed.

O Saviour sweet, O thou my louing sonne,
 What should I sing of all thy mercies? then
 If I should count, I neuer should haue done,
 It would excede capacity of men;
 Yea Saints and Angels would astonied stand,
 (Thou onely Lord dost all them vnderstand.)

How didst thou teach me to increase in loue?
 To know thy will, to follow all thy wayes?
 By seruient prayer, affections to remoue,
 My Soueraigne God, in all his workes to praise.
 In euery creature, still my Lord to finde,
 And haue his presence printed in my minde.

In weale, and woe, euer to be the same,
 Neuer but alwaies what he should dispose:
 In euery thought to laude his holy name,
 And all my deeds before him to disclose.
 In doubts, demaunds, counsailes, what euer best,
 His will once knowne, therein wholly to rest.

Sometimes thou toldst me of thy holy crosse,
 Thy loued spouse, and glory of thy raigne:
 The Idols fall, and *Israels* wofull losse,
 And of thy Church which alwaies should remaine.
 And vnto nations knowle the sacred bell,
 Preuailing still against the gates of hell.

Then thou beganst to shew the powers diuine,
 Thy sacred baptism, and stupendious fast:
 At my request he turn'd water to wine,
 In wondrous workes, & preaching three yeares past.
 But all these things are sweetly written on:
 By *Matthew, Marke, Luke*, and diuine *S. Iohn*.

Now

Now change your notes, his passion draweth nye,
 This story craues a graue and dolefull stile:
 Though ioy haue wipte all water from mine eye,
 And we in heauen all sorrow heere exile.
 And therefore Saints and holy Angels all,
 Take lower notes, and let your Trebles fall.

Come christians come. beholde and learne to loue:
 Follow his steps, be thankfull for his grace:
 Admyre his sorrows, let compassion moue
 Your hardned harts, to plaine your Soueraignes case,
 Let penance now appeare vpon your face.
 Bewaile your finnes, bring inward listening eares,
 And bath your cheekes, with warme and trickling
 (teares.

The night before his holy passion day,
 Shewing his loue to his Apostles deare:
 He caused them, the table for to lay,
 And eate the Lambe as vñe was euery where,
 A figure of more sweet and heauenly cheere.
 Which he him selfe did institute and giue,
 Whereby his Church should euer eate and liue.

His holy Loynes with linnen towell girt,
 He humbly washed his Apostles teetes:
 With heauenly fingers wiping off the dirt,
 An office farre (as *Peter* thought) vnmeete,
 But lowly Lord, and louing Master sweet,
 Thou didst commaund, Saint *Peter*, be content,
 And learne by this the lesson that was meant.

O learne, then learne, what God him selfe doth teach.
 A lowly minde, and humble vnto all:
 Let no ambition once your soules appeach.

Of pride, whom Christ doth to his table call,
 For lowe grow high, and pride doth catch a fall.
 Loe *Iesus* downe at *Iudas* feete he fell,
 He chiefe in heauen, to lowest impe in hell.

Iudas doth cast within his wicked head,
 His Soueraigne Lord and Master to betray:
Iesus in the meane while, doth blesse the bread,
 And giues himselfe a lasting foode for aye,
 O heauen and earth! cry out, exclaime and say,
 O monstrous mallice, matcht with wondrous loue!
 O poysoned toad, and patient simple Doue!

His holy life, his heauenly lowly cheare,
 His doctrine pure, and most stupendious workes:
 His loue not thought, nor heard of euery eare,
 Could all not pierce the heart where poyson lurkes?
 Thou worthily whom grace and goodnes vrkes,
 Thou didst exclude his presence with thy sinne,
 And let thy Lord and Master Sathan in.

There was the table furnished that night,
 With heauenly *Manna*, holy Angels foode:
 The Paschall Lambe, the honny, giuing light,
 The Testament, the holy sprinkled bloud,
 The tree of life, which midst the garden stood.
 The meale and oyle, which eaten lasteth still,
Elias loafe, to walke from crib to hill.

The memory of all his wonders wrought,
 The monument and fruite of all his loue;
 The price it selfe, wherewith our soules was bought,
 Yet could not all this (monster *Iudas*) mooue,
 Yea, though our Lord his treason did reprove.

C

And

And tolde it *John*, who leaning on his brest,
His mallice choof'd the deuill, and was posselt.

As soone as mallice thus had cast a clowde,
Vpon a planet which was once so birght:
The force of truth, which driueth downe the proude,
Would not abide the darke to dwell in light,
Judas went out from truth, for it was night:
And sliding downe into the depth of sinne,
To worke his couert treason doth begin,

Then was that sacred Senate of eleauen,
Purged of crime, made perfect golde and fine:
More apt to take the influence from heauen,
Vessels of grace, for sweet and spirituall wine,
Dispos'd to heare that Doctrine most diuine,
Which wisdom then in plenty did instill,
When sacraments haue salu'd and heal'd their will.

Then loe they learne to haue a fast beliefe,
And anchored hope, a whole enflamed loue:
With Soueraigne duty to adore the chiefe,
Who doth in patience oft his chosen proude,
That all their heares and helps may be aboue.
And walke in *Christ*, the high and ready way,
Vnto the ioy of his eternall day.

They haue the promise of the holy ghost,
The Sonne and Father, all a like in one:
The vnity of all the holy host,
With *Christ* their captaine, head and corner stone,
In whom no member euer liues alone.
But in him (being quicke by charity,)
Is made a Temple of the Trinitie.

Meane

Meane while the Iewes, in vproare all are seene,
 Arming themselues with lights and weapons rude:
Iesus our Lord, as he had wonted been,
 Seuers himselfe by silent solitude,
 Prostrate with feare, and reuerence all endu'd
 Doth pray for ayde, with instant resting still,
 Resigned all vnto his Fathers will.

A combat then he felt within his flesh,
 With fierce encounters, which in him was tryed;
 Both feare and grieve doth set on him a fresh,
 And all this, for our loue he did abide,
 And for our sinnes, for which he after dy'd,
 And all the sorrows which were voyde of sinne,
 Tooke natures part to keep the spirit in.

In which conflict, an Angell downe did bring,
 From heau'nly Court to iudgement there assign'd:
 It is the will of the eternall King,
 That *Iesus* should resolute his ready minde
 To suffer death, O Father wondrous kinde!
 To sinfull sonnes, which doth his dearest giue
 And onely Sonne to death, that we may liue.

Then straight our Lord, did giue his whole consent,
 His will was prest, withouten any way:
 His minde and soule was wholly set and bent,
 Nature exclaym'd, but needs she must obey,
 And grace by force, did beare the Soueraigne sway.
 And flesh did feare, and bloud did make retreat,
 And issued out in bloody watry sweate,

All Christian soules, come see this agony!
 Come count the drops, which trickles down his face:

Bring thankfull hearts this bloudy sweat to dry.
 Lay sinne a side, which puts him in such case,
 Learne heere of him, to ayme that happy race.
 In prayer, patience, lowlines and loue,
 To endlesse blisse, and happines aboute.

Learne how to pray alone with humble minde,
 And body both, with instant knocking still;
 Till answer comes from heauen, alwaies resign'd
 And prest to doe our heauenly Fathers will,
 Against what motion comes, account it ill.
 Let flesh and bloud, and all that nature likes,
 Yeeld to the stroke that grace and spirit strikes.

For loe, when all his foes approached neere,
 Then *Iesus* boldly meeteth them in shew;
 It was the flesh alone which fraile, did feare,
 The liuely spirit to all that did ensue,
 So midst the throng, and cursed hellish crew.
 He doth protest himselfe, in deed to be
Iesus they sought for; saying, I am he.

(ground,

Which words, did throw them prostrate on the
 Such was his might, if loue had left him free:
 But zeale of soules, his force and might hath bound,
 Sinner amend, he needes will dye for thee,
 His thraldome is to get thee liberty.
 Your weaknes makes his power become a pray,
Sampson is thrall for loue of *Delila*.

O milde and patient Lambe! ô Lyon stout!
 O strong! ô weake! ô loue! subduing might,
 Able with wordes, to conquere all the route,
 And with a breath, to put them all to flight,

And

And yet againe, his loue renewes the plight,
And by his weaknes, working all our blisse,
He yeilds his sacred mouth to *Iudas* kisse.

He healeth *Malchus* with his holy hands,
Refuseth ayde, he will no sword. but loue:
Let mallice come, and cast on loue his bands;
Let darknes now her feeble power prooue,
Th'almighty now will not against her moue.
Mercy in truth will conquer hell and sinne.
Goodnes in loue, will force of mallice win.

Iesus beholde is bound, th' Apostles fled,
The Iewes doth rage, and triumph in theyr ill:
The Lyon of *Iuda* lyke a lambe is led,
Maiefty scorn'd and beaten, standeth still,
Loue of our soules doth take eternall will.
And for a space, o wonder most of all!
Euen God himselfe to wicked men is thrall.

In *Annas* hall he stricken was, as one
That did presume to offend in speaking true:
Pride nere respectes th'eternall dreadfull throne,
When falshood mutt her monstrous pride needs rue,
For what reproach to pryde and sinne is due
Which checketh God? for blynd respect of man,
O tremble now, and be not ttrycken than.

The Lambe in patience, makes his progresse still,
In silence, meeknes, loue, in word and peace:
His eyes on heauen, his minde his Fathers will,
The Iewes and Gentiles, fully doe encrease,
To buffet, bear, and spit they doe not cease.
And last, all naked to a pillar bound,

His Virginitie flesh, with scourges they doe wound.

With forced kisses they teare his tender skin,
And empt his vaines of pure and precious blood:
The stripes were fore, and many for my sinne,
In force whereof the strength of mallice stood,
O let this griefe drawe th'intended good,
And feele how pleasing sinne (indeed) doth smart,
Remembring sinne, thus scourged in thy heart.

The soldiers are assembled, in his scorne
Doe cloath him in disdainfull purple weede:
And on his head they wrap a crowne of thorne,
Which pricking deep, doe make it gush and bleede,
And in his hands they put a rotten reed.
And in his face their filthy sbeame they fling,
With Anticke kneeling, they cry: Hayle o King.

Come marke thy Sanious bloody blowes, al wannel,
So whipped, crowned, cloathed like a coarfe;
When *Pilate* bids the Jewes: *Beholde the man,*
Hoping that this would mooue them to remorse,
But hardned hearts thereby did grow the worse.
The fire of loue, did purge the golde from drosse,
They boyle in rage, to nayle him to the crosse.

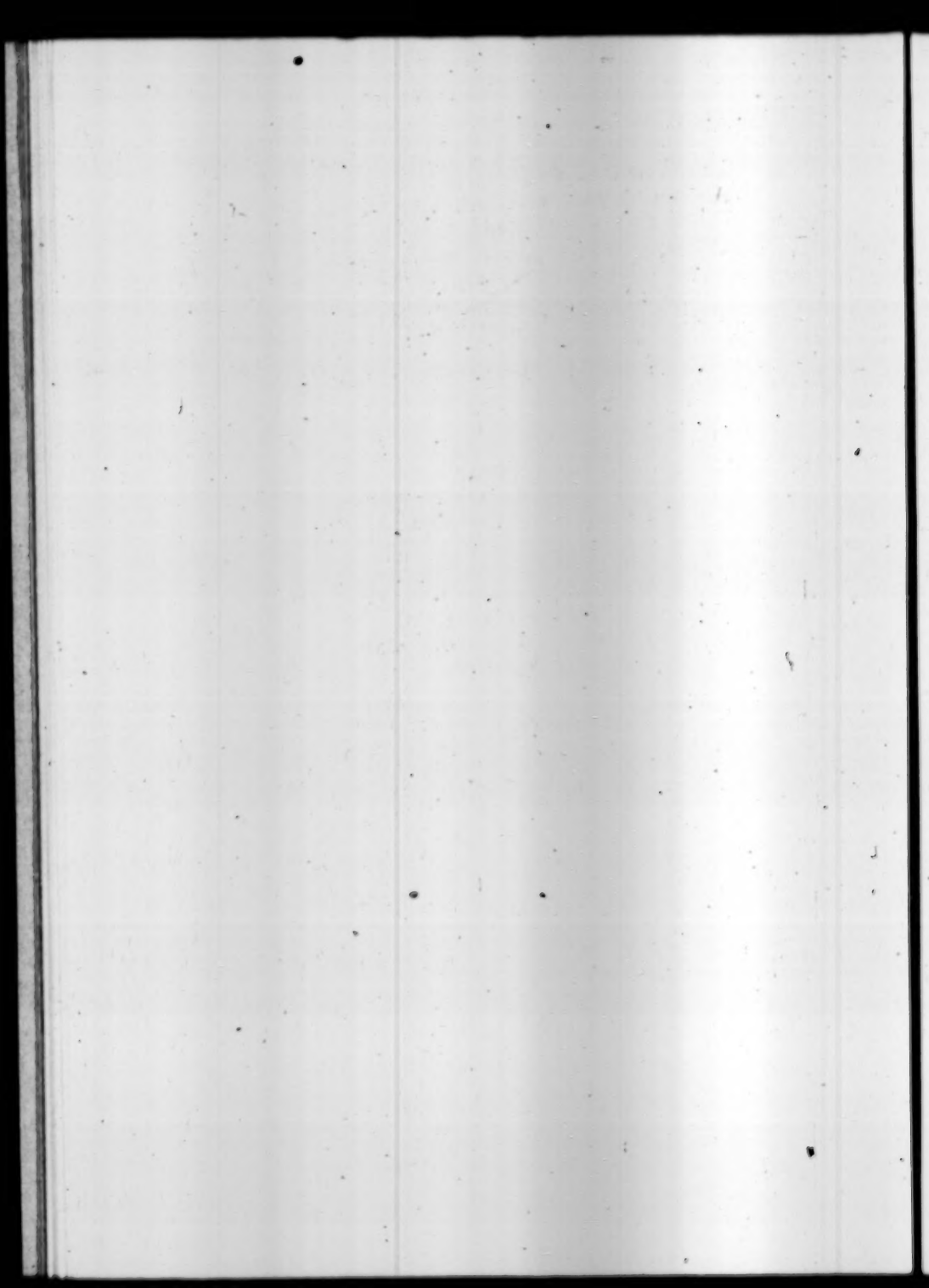
Be thou no worse faith *Pilate*, see the man.
Beholde him well, and marke his pittious hue:
Regard his eyes and minde, all they that can,
And render him all guerdon that is due,
Our sinnes the price, whereof his grieues ensue.
And if thou takest pitty on his paine,
Now cease by sinne, to pierce his head againe.

If sinne a corsue in him so doth make,
 And wounded conscience breed an inward feare:
 Then see thy Lord thus haled for thy sake,
 And then with hope, approach thy selfe more neere,
 Before his Fathers face for to appeare.
 Present thy Sauour, bloody, pale and wanne,
 Beseech his Father to beholde the man.

Doubt not at all, if *Pilates* heathen heart
 Did waxe more soft by such a pittious view;
 The louing Father will regard the smart
 Of his deare Sonne, in such a ruefull hew.
 And grace and mercy will thereof ensue:
 To them which humbly doe demaund the same,
 In Christ his Sonne, our crowned captaines name.

He doth beholde his Sonne with tender eyes,
 His sores and woundes be alwaies in his sight;
 And he againe to Christians dayly cries,
 Beholde my Sonne your Sauour, in this plight,
 Retaine this patterne with you day and night.
 Be like your King, reioyce in paine and scorne,
 You being his mebers, who was prickt with thorne.

F f N f S.





*The teares of our Saviour in
the Garden.*

THe meeke and gentle pledge of mortall peace
Christ *Iesus*, had receiu'd the paschall Lamber
His holy trayne (vnto their ioyes encrease)
Had reapt the frutes, and tasted of the same.

The grace was sayd, the night approached on,
The satall night, the night of care and moane.

When as kinde Christ with his disciples went,
Vnto the Farme-house of *Getsemane*;

And feeling heapes of sorrow, and lament
Afflict his heart, like to the troubled Sea:

Fourth wends he with three followers for to pray,
The rest he wil'd them, there a while to stay.

Along he walkes, and still his woe encreaseth,

Whiles *Peter* weepes, to see his Master sory:

Yet matchlesse Christ, his sorrow nere surceaseth,
So seruent griefe engirtes the King of glory.

The Sonnes of *Zebade*, with teares bewaile him,
Yet more & more, his moanes doe still assaile him.

Oh reuerent browes with agony perplexed,
 Loc blood and gassly sweate together mixed;
 The heart with horroure, care and griefe is vexed,
 The flesh is frayle, the eyes with feare is fixed.
 O rent my soule, in thought of his distresse,
 Who dain'd these griefes thy dangers to redresse.

But when he felt no measure of his moane,
My soule, saith he, is brayn vnto deaib:
Then stay my friends for I will walke alone,
But watch and pray, whiles you enjoy your breath.
 So forth he went, and sat vpon his face,
 With pittious plaints, implor'd his Father grace.

And thus he prayed: ô Father God of light,
 (If it may be) let this vntoasted cup
 Of sorrow passe, that doth my soule affright,
 For why in griefe, my heart is swallowed vp.
 Yet not my will, but euen thy will be done,
 Through whom by me this worke was fitt begun.

Long lay he seeding on his wofull languish,
 And in his cryes redoubled oft the same:
 At last forgetting of his balefull anguish,
 He rose, and straight to his Disciples came. (wept,
 Who, through their cares and pittious teares there
 Without suspect of harmes securely slept.

But he, the carefull Shepheard of his flocke,
 Seeing the day of daungers neere at hand:
 The foe of man, prepar'd his sheep to yoke,
 With tender care, their mischieses did withstand.
 And waking them, he sayd vpon that stoure,
What, can you not keep watch with me one houre?

*O watch and pray, temptations are too nye,
 The Spirit willes, and yet the flesh saies nay:
 With that the teares of pittie soorth did flye,
 O words and teares which mercy did bewray.
 And now the second charge approacheth on,
 And perswade Christ, alone to pray is gone.*

*As sturdy trees with murmuring noyse lament,
 The Northeime windes outrageous blasts, that's gone
 As flowers doe waile, when Sommer daies are spent,
 To see theyr pride by nipping frostes vndone.
 As day doth lowre, depriu'd of Sunnes delight,
 And night complaines, when Moone reflectes no
 (light)*

*As he laments, who neuer hopes for grace,
 As lookes the man, that loathes his eyes haue sight:
 As sighes the wofullst braunch of mortall race.
 Compare their paines, their hope, their smal delight.
 Yea, thinke more woes, the we haue wayes to wring
 And thinke by them what cares did Iesus sting.*

*And iudge thereby if any wit might wote it,
 Oh no, but he that hath the grace to sigh:
 To thinke, to waile, to cry, to iudge and note it,
 His soule shall rent, and crying out on high.
 Say whiles his spirit doth Iesus terror view,
 O vns pastor, O dulcis, dulcis Iesu.*

*His browes (the tables where our peace is written)
 With purple blood, and Amber sweate were stain'd,
 His heauy lookes, disclos'd the heart was bitten,
 His weeping eyes, his wofull state complain'd.
 His folded armes, his reuerent knees that bended,
 His hydious harmes, and endlesse cares intended.*

Here stands dispaire, that shold haue swallowed man
 And threatneth him with death, for our offences:
 Sinne, with recountlesse shapes afflictes him than,
 Hell shewes the horror, Sathan his pretences.

Meane while our Lord (that neuer thought on ill)
 Endurde those threatning plagues to saue vs still.

O were each thought, transformed to a pen,
 And euery pen, of power to write an age:
 And euery age, could take his forme agen,
 And euery forme, did serue but for a Page!

All would not serue, then sigh and say thou this:

Quid retribuam Domino pro omnibus beneficiis?

The hostes of heauen, were moued with his moane,
 Whilst he with teares, his Fathers grace implores:
 And euery period was a bitter groane,
 Euen thus the Sonne of God his Lord adores.

Father, if thou wilt remooue from me

This cup? if not, thy will fulfilled be.

Heerewith, th' imperiall gates of heauen, began
 To open wide, and from the bright-some throane,
 Of him who rul'd the world, and fashio'd man,
 An Angell bright, with wauiing wings is gone,
 And there alights: whereas the God of light
 Lay quite dismayed, and rob'd of all delight.

As Sea-men smiles, when after stormy blasts,
 The radiant Sunne commaunds the warring winde
 And trimmes his Tackles, and repayres his Masts,
 And mends each Leake, that he by serching findes.

So fares distressed Christ, when he did view,
 The help of heauen, his onely sorrows dew.

He

He gathered his distempered Sprites in one,
 Whilst that the Angels whispered in his eare
 His Fathers will; then listes he vp anon
 His reuerend head, that gan his eyes to cleare,
 And soorth he walkes, and at the backe againe,
 The Angell parts, and hasteth thence amaine.

Arriued there where his Disciples lay,
 He found the sleeping, through their cares fore-past:
 And thus bespake: *Why sleep you? rise and pray,*
For why, temptations doe approach vs fast.
 His pensiuë traine were whist and could not tell,
 How to excuse the slouth in them did dwell.

Againe from them, vnto his prayer he goes,
 Loosing the fountaines of his eyes at large:
 His restless limbes vpon the earth he throwes,
 And thus with sighes his prayers he doth discharge.
O Father looke, looke Father on my sheep,
That thou hast leut thy pensiuë Sonne to keep.

O loue them Lord, for why the world disdaines them,
 And why? because they are not worldly minded:
 Th'hard hearted wolues, heereafter oft will paine the,
 Oh help their wants, Lord let them not be blinded.
 For them I weep, for them I shed my teares:
 Father, regard my suite with open eares.

Let them whose sinnes exceede the sandy Seas,
 Whose hope is drown'd, whose heart is stain'd with
 Euen by my death, thy bitter wrath appease, (feares)
 Father, for them I shed these brinish teares.
 O let my weeping, wound thine eares diuine,
 And moue compassion, for these flockes of mine.

Heere ceast his teares and prayers, for why the houre
 Of griefe and death approached neere at hand:
 So forth he hastes vpon that haplesse stoure,
 And found his followers sleeping on the land,
Sleepe hardly, saith he, take your ease as will,
The houre is come of sorrow and of ill.

The Sonne of man, already is betrayed
 To sinners hands arise and let vs goe:
 With that, with hearts appal'd and quite dismayed,
 They all arose to tend the houre of woe.
 Whilst traiterous *Judas* with his traine appears,
 Armed with staues, with clubs and warlike speares.

The cursed out-cast of the twelue, betray'd
 His heauenly Master by a cursed kisse:
 His foes to touch his person were affraide,
 Short tale to tell, our Lord surpris'd is.
 And bound with bonds, vnto the place is led,
 Where all the high Priestes dwelt vpon that sted.

¶ F f N f S.



*A heauenly Prayer in contempt
of the world, and the vanities
thereof.*

O Heauenly God, that gouernes euery thing,
Whose power is in heauen and in the earth we know:
Thou God, from whom the giftes of grace doe spring,
Attend my suites who am opprest with woe.
O pittie God, sweet God some pittie take,
And cleanse my soule, for Iesus Christ his sake.

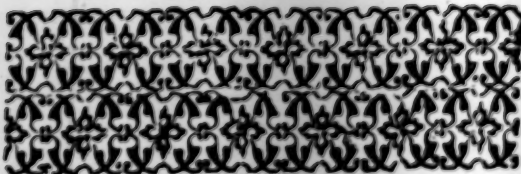
I waile the life that I haue led before,
The daies ill spent that come into my minde:
Incens: my soule with horror very sore,
And threaten death, vnles I sauaour finde.
O pittie God, sweet God some pittie take,
And cleanse my soule, for Iesus Christ his sake.

My graces oashes, now fade before mine eyes,
My youth all spent, and worne by womens guile:
My hidden sinnes, my wofull soules surprise,
My want of grace once had, and in the while
Cry mercy Lord, that thou wouldest pittie take,
And cleanse my soule, for Iesus Christ his sake.

O way-ward

O wayward world: hat flatterest caribly man
 With heavenly ioyes, and bring'st him downe to hell:
 I loath this life, doe thou what so thou can,
 My longing is with God my Lord to dwell.
 Who will repent, surely some pittie take
 To cleanse my soule, for Iesus Christ his sake.

F F N I S.





*The description of heavenly
Ierusalem.*

Ierusalem thy ioyes diuine,
No ioyes to be compar'd to them:
No people blessed so as thine,
No City like Ierusalem.

MY thirsty soule desires her draught,
At heavenly fountaines to refresh:
My prysoned minde, would fayne be out
Of chaynes and fetters of the flesh.

She looketh vp vnto the state,
From whence, she downe by sinne did slide:
She mournes the more the good she lost,
For present euill she doth abide.

She longs, from rough and daungerous seas,
To harbour in the haue of blisse:
Where safely anchor at her ease,
And shore of sweet contentment is.

From banishment she more and more,
Desires to see her country deare:
She sits and tends her sighes before,
Her ioyes and treasures all be there.

E

From

From *Babylon* she would returne,
 Vnto her home and towne of peace;
Ierusalem where ioyes abound,
 Continue still and neuer cease.

There blustering winter neuer blowes,
 Nor Summers parching heate doth harme:
 It neuer freezeth there, nor snowes,
 The weather euer temperate warme.

The trees doe blossome, bud and beare,
 the Birds doe euer chirpe and sing:
 The fruite is mellow all the yeare,
 they haue an euerlasting spring.

The pleasant gardens, euer keep
 Their hearbes and flowers fresh and greene:
 All sorts of dainty plants and fruites,
 At all times there, are to be seene.

The Lilly white, and ruddy Rose,
 The Crimson and Carnation flowers:
 Be watred there with honny dewes,
 And heau'nly drops of golden showers.

Pomgranat prince of fruites, the Peach,
 The dainty Dare and pleasant Figge:
 The Almond, Muscadell, and Grape,
 Exceeding good and wondrous bigge.

The Lemmon, Orenge, Medler, Quince,
 The Apricocke, and *Indian* spice:
 The Cherry, Warden, plum and Pearre,
 More sorts then were in *Paradise*.

With

With fruit more tooth ~~some~~ eye ~~some~~ faire,
 Then that which grew on ~~an~~ Adams tree:
 With whose delight assailed were,
 Wherewith surpris'd were ~~En~~ and hee.

The smelling odoriferous Balme,
 Most sweetly there doth sweate and drop:
 The fruitfull and victorious Palme,
 Layes out her lofty mounting top.

The Ryuer wine most perfect flowes,
 More pleasant then the honny combe:
 Vpon whose bankes the Sugar growes,
 Enclos'd in Reedes of Sinamon.

Her walles of Iasper stones be built,
 Most rich and fayre that euer was:
 Her streetes and houses pau'd and gilt,
 with gold more cleare then Cristall glasse.

Her gates in equall distance be,
 And each a glistring Margarite:
 Which commers in farre off may see,
 A glad some and a glorious sight.

Her inward Chambers and delight,
 Be deckt with pearle and precious stone:
 The doores and posternes all be white,
 Of wrought and burnisht Iuory bone.

Her Sunne doth neuer Clipse nor cloude,
 Her Moone doth neuer wax nor wane:
 The Lambe with light hath her endued,
 Whose glory, pen cannot explaine.

The glorious Saints her dwellers be,
 In numbers more then men can thinke :
 So many in a company,
 As loue in likenes doth them linke.

The starres in brightnes they surpass,
 In swiftnes arrowes from a bowe :
 In strength, in firmnes Steele or brass,
 In brightnes fire, in whitenes snowe.

Their cloathing are more soft then silke,
 With girdles gilt of beatengolde :
 They in their hands as white a milke,
 Of Palme triumphant branches holde.

Theyr faces shining like the Sunne,
 Shoothe forth their glorious gladsome beames :
 The field is fought, the battle wonne,
 Their heads be crown'd with Diademes.

Reward as vertue different is,
 Destinēt their ioyes and happines :
 But each in ioy of others blisse,
 Doth as his owne the same possesse.

So each in glory doe abound,
 And all their glories doe excell :
 But whereas all to each redound,
 Who can th'exceeding glory tell?

Triumphant warriors, you may heare
 Recount their daungers which doe cease :
 And noble Cittizens euery where,
 Their happy gaines of ioy and peace.

The

The learned clerkes with sharpened wit,
 Theyr makers wondrous workes do tell:
 The Iudges graue on benches sit,
 To iudge the Tribes of *Israell*.

The glorious Courtiers euer there,
 Attend on person of their King:
 With Angels ioyned in a Quire,
 Melodious praise of hymnes to sing.

Queene Virgin, mother Innocent,
 Then Saints and Angels more diuine:
 Like Sun amidit the firmament,
 Aboue the planets all doe shine.

The King that heauenly Pallace rules,
 Doth beare vpon his golden shield,
 A Crosse, in signe of tryumph gules,
 Erected in a verdant field.

His glory such as doth behoue,
 Him in his manhood for to take:
 Whose God head, earth and heauen aboue,
 And all that dwell therein did make,

Like friends all partners are in blisse,
 With Christ their Lord and Master deare:
 Like spouses they the Bride-groome kisse,
 who feasteth them with heauenly cheare.

With tree of life and *Manna* sweet,
 Which taste, doth such a p' easure bring:
 As none to iudge thereof be meete,
 But they which banquet with the King.

E 3,

With

With Cherubins their wings they mooue,
 And mount in contemplation hye;
 With Seraphins they burne in Loue,
 the beaines of glory be so nygh.

O sweet aspect, vision of peace,
 happy regard and heavenly sight,
 O endlesse ioy without surcease,
 perpetuall day which hath no night,

O well of weale, fountaine of life,
 a spring of euertlasting blisse:
 Eternall Sunne, resplendant light,
 and eminent cause of all that is.

River of pleasure, Sea of delight,
 garden of glory euert greene:
 O glorious glasse, and mirrour bright,
 wherein all truth is clearly seene,

O princely pallace, royall Court,
 Monarchall seat, Emperiall throne;
 Where King of Kings, and Soueraigne Lord,
 for euert ruleth all alone.

Where all the glorious Saints doe see,
 the secrets of the Deity:
 The God-head one, in persons three,
 the superblest Trinity.

The depth of wisdom most profound,
 all puissant high sublimity:
 The bredth of Loue without all bond,
 in endlesse long eternity.

The heavy earth belowe, by kinde
alone, ascendes the mounting fire,
Be this the centor of my minde,
and lofty sphere of her desire.

The chased Deare doth take the soyle,
the tyred Hare, the thickest and wood,
Be this the comfort of my toyle,
my refuge, hope, and Soueraigne good.

The Merchant cuts the Seas for gaine,
the Soldier serueth for renowne
The tyll-man plowes the ground for graine,
be this my ioy and lasting crowne.

The Faulkner seekes to see a flight,
the Hunter beates to view the game:
Long thou my soule to see this fight,
and labour to enjoy the same.

No one, without some one delight,
which he endeours to attaine:
Seeke thou my soule both day and night,
this one, which euer shall remaine.

This one contains all pleasures true,
all other pleasures be but vaine:
Bid thou the rest my soule adue,
and seeke this one alone to gaine.

To count the grasse vpon the ground,
or Sandes that lye vpon the shore:
And when yee haue the number found,
the ioyes heereof be many more.

More

More thousand thousand yeares they last,
 And lodge within the happy mynde:
 And when so many yeares be past,
 Yet more and more be still behinde.

Farre more they be then we can weene,
 They doe our iudgement much excell,
 No care hath heard, or eye hath seene,
 No pen can write, no tongue can tell.

An Angels tongue cannot recyte,
 The endlesse ioy of heauenly blisse:
 Which being wholly infinite,
 Beynd all speech and writing is.

We can imagine but a shade,
 It neuer entred into thought:
 What ioyes he hath enioyed, that made
 All ioyes, and them that ioy of nought.

My soule cannot thy ioyes contayne,
 Let her Lord enter into them:
 For euer with thee, to remayne
 Within thy towne *Ierusalem*.

E F N F S.



*Another on the same
subject.*

I *Erusalem* my happy home,
when shall I come to thee:
When shall my sorrows haue an end,
thy ioyes when shall I see?

O happy City of the Saintes!
ô sweet and pleasant soyle!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
no grieffe, no care, no toyle.

There is no dampe nor foggy mist,
no clowde nor darksome night:
There, euery Saint shines like the Sunne,
there, God himselfe giues light.

In thee no sicknes may be found,
no hurt, no ache, no fore:
In thee there is no dread of death,
There's life for euermore.

F

There

There is no raine, no flcete, no snow,
 no filth may there be found:
 There is no sorrow, nor no care,
 all ioy doth there abound.

*Ierusalem my happy home,
 When shall I come to thee:
 When shall my sorrowes haue an end,
 Thy ioyes when shall I see.*

Thy walles are all of precious stones,
 thy streetes paved with golde:
 Thy gates are eke of precious pearle,
 most glorious to beholde.

Thy Pinacles and Carbuncles,
 with Diamondes doe shine:
 Thy houses couered are with golde,
 most perfect, pure and fine.

Thy gardens and thy pleasant walkes,
 continually are greene:
 There growes the sweet and fairest flowers,
 that euer erst was seene.

There, Sinamon, there, Ciuet sweet,
 there, Balme springs from the ground:
 No tongue can tell, no heart conceiue,
 the ioyes that there abound.

Thy happy Saints (Ierusalem)
 doe bathe in endlesse blisse:
 None but those blessed soules, can tell
 how great thy glory is.

Throughout

Throughout thy streetes with siluer streames,
the flood of life doth flowe;
Vpon whose bankes, on euery side,
the wood of life doth growe.

Those trees doe euermore beare fruite,
and euermore doe spring:
There, euermore the Saints doe sit,
and euermore doe sing.

There *Dauid* stands with Harpe in hand,
as Master of the Quire:
Ten thousand tymes that man were blest,
that might his musique heare.

Our Lady sings *Magnificat*,
with tune surpassing sweet:
And all the Virgins beare their parts,
sitting about her feete.

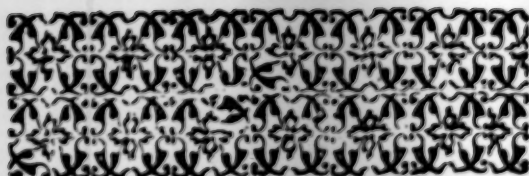
Te deum doth Saint *Ambrose* sing,
Saint *Augustine* the like:
Olde *Simon* and good *Zacharie*,
haue not their songs to seeke.

There *Magdalen* hath lost her moane,
and she likewise doth sing
With happy Saints, whose harmony
in euery streete doth ring.

There all doe liue in such delight,
such pleasure and such play:
That thousand thousand yeares agoe,
doth see a.e but yesterday.

Forlede my happy home,
when shall I come to thee:
When shall my sorrows haue an end,
thy ioyes when shall I see?

FINIS.





*A sinners supplication, or the
soules meditation.*

O Blessed God, ô Sauour sweet,
O Iesus thinke on me:
O Christ my King refuse me not,
though late I come to thee.

I come to thee confounded quite,
with sorrow and with shame,
When I beholde thy bitter wounds:
and know I caus'd the same.

I am the wretch that wounded thee,
I made thy wounds so wide:
I nayled thee vnto the crosse,
with speare I pearst thy side.

Thy backe, thy side, thy body eke,
I cut with cruell rod:
It's I that wrought thee all thy woe,
forgiue it me my God.

For onely pride of Cherubins,
how many thousands fell:
From pleasure to perpetuall paine,
from heauen to hateful hell?

F 3

From

43
More then a thousand thousand times,
I haue deseru'd thine Ire:
Yet doe I sinner still remaine,
yet feele I not hell fire.

Yet doe I still thy fauour finde,
yet thou dost keep me still:
Against the force of all my foes,
that seekes my soule to spill.

But more then this, that I should liue,
thou dyedst on the rood:
For to redeeme my soule from hell,
thou spent thy deare heart blood.

The precious blood which from thy heart,
came gushing out amaine:
Was shed to saue my sinfull soule,
from endlesse woe and paine.

Alacke my Lord, most mercifull,
what haue I done or wrought:
That thou shouldst like so well of me,
what haue I sayd or thought?

What didst thou see in me vilde wretch?
alacke what didst thou see?
Which moued thee a Iudge most iust,
to take such ruth on me.

Come Angels and Arch-angels all,
come Sainres and Soules diuine:
Come Martirs and confessers eke,
your ayde to me asigne.

Lend

Lend me your help and counsell eke,
and tell me how I may;
Receiue my Lord that loues me so,
that am but dust and clay.

All worldly honour now farewell,
and wicked wealth adue:
Pride and vaine-glory packe you hence,
too long I serued you,

In you I dream'd my ioyes had been,
but I deceiued was:
For now broad-waking, I doe see
him hanging on the Crosse.

Vpon the Crosse, betwixt two theerues,
starke naked alas he hangs:
For me the childe of endles wrath,
he felt those deadly pangs.

O that it were once graunted me,
to kisse those wounds so wide!
O that my heart had once the hap,
to harbour in thy side!

O that I might with *Magdalen*,
imbrace those fastned feete!
Or with the good theefe hanging by,
a thing for me more meete.

Then would I boldly dare to say,
that neyther racke nor corde;
Nor all the torments in the world,
should make me loose my Lord.

Nor

Nor *Machari*l with all his sleights,
 should make me once remeane;
 Nor Tuke, nor tyrant, nor the deuill,
 should make me loose my loue.

Graunt blessed Lord, graunt Sauour sweet,
 graunt Iesu King of blisse:
 That in thy loue I liue and dye,
 sweet Iesu graunt me this.

F f N I S.



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